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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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"O Little Town of Bethlehem."

O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent hours go by.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light,
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him,
The dear Christ enters in.

Where children, pure and happy,
Pray to the blessed Child,
Where Misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the Mother mild.

Where charity stands watching
And Faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us we pray!
Cast out sin and enter in!
Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell,
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BRAVE LITTLE BORRIOBOOLA GHA.

It wasn't so very happy to begin with. Christmas eve was a little dreary. Maggie only hummed a carol because it was more her way to sing than to cry, and the carol was the only thing she could think of just then. It was the first carol she had ever learned. She could remember just how sweet her mother had looked while teaching it to her and Jimmie, the brother, who would keep his seventh Christmas to-morrow—keep it in heaven, she thought, with a gleam of sorrowful joy. The dear mother who was in the hospital now, whose Christmas would be spent in a white-washed ward, clean, bright and tender, with kindly care, but still not so bright as the little attic room would have been if only she could have been there. Maggie's song grew very queer at this point of her reflection, and her voice was a trifle unsteady, but she persisted in humming. "It came upon the midnight clear," and even smiled a little as she laid down the cheap little doll she had been dressing for Sweetie, the dear little sister who was her darling, and who was now being cared for by kind friends of her mother's youth.

In another moment she was dashing down newspaper alley at full speed, elbowing her way a trifle more gently than the average habitue of that far famed locality, but pushing to the front with a dogged resolution none the less, and no sooner had the bunch of papers which came in answer to her warcry of "Twenty-five specials—throw 'em along quick, Jimmie!" reached her arms, than she was off with a bound, and a cry of "Papiers! Papiers! Here is yer extry!" which sounded startlingly loud and harsh to come from that girlish throat. Down Mason Street she flew, anxious to reach the "stand" which the boys of that corner had unanimously ceded to her with rough chivalry when she had first appeared upon the scene, timid, nervous, afraid to cry her wares. She was first of the crowd to reach State Street. "Papier, papier! Here is yer extry! All about the accident at Borrioboola Gha!" she shrieked in the voice which would have been sweet and clear but for its hard treatment and out of door use, or rather abuse, and a queer little smile curved the corners of her mouth as she gave vent to her peculiar "trademark," as the "other boys" were wont to call the odd name which invariably closed her exhortation to buy an evening paper.

That exclamation had quite a history. When Maggie had been driven by her mother's illness and the want of food in the home cupboard to try paper selling, she had been afraid to cry loudly, and her conscience, home taught and tender, had forbidden her to invent news announcements after the fashion of others of her "perfesh." For some days she had sold very little in consequence, and the capital she had each morning invested in papers seemed in a fair way to be lost, when Irish Pat, the toughest boy in the gang, had taken her to his heart and shown her the mistake which spoiled her sales.

"Yer don't know nothin, yer don't," he had said contemptuously, striding along by her side with an exaggerated imitation of the walk of the last actor he had admired from the "peanut heaven" of the Academy and keeping level with her as she dejectedly started homeward, crying softly and wiping the tears away with her ragged but clean handkerchief.

"Yer too blooming scared," he said, again copying the Academy actor, both in speech and gesticulation, "an yer'll never do no good till yer makes yer roar more like a better feller than yerself."

He paused and looked at Maggie expectantly, but Maggie had no idea that the "better feller" was Pat himself, and she never dreamed that the pause should have been filled with a compliment, well deserved, in Pat's opinion, so she said nothing, and the boy took up his parable again.

"Now, this yer's the way yer calls," he said, imitating her weak little cry to the life, "an this yer's the way yer oughter yell." And he let out a shout of "Paper here! Paper! All about the great fire on the west side! Many lives lost! Nineteen firemen go down in the ruins!" which startled Maggie and rang down the street for a block or more.

Maggie soon found this to be true, if she was to equal the sales of the other paper sellers. But still, as has been said, her conscience rebelled against the deceit. So she decided with one of the compromises possible only to innocent souls upon inventing a cry about an event which could not possibly happen, and having read "Bleak House," she chose the words "Borrioboola Gha" as her "roar." She said nothing to her mother of all this, although the struggle in her mind was long and severe, and she longed sorely for sympathy and advice. She had grown so accustomed to using the "yell" that she no longer thought of it at all. She called out the long word as she did that of "Paper!" and it had no more significance to her.

But on this parcticular day, this dreary Christmas eve, as the stood mechanically repeating it, thinking meanwhile of the added pleasure for her mother and Sweetie which every penny meant, the was startled by a light touch on her shoulder and turned her head to see a kindly face looking down into hers.

"Where do you say the accident happened?" queried the tall, pleasant faced man who owned the hand which still lay on her arm. "Did you say Borrioboola Gha? I have heard a great many queer cries used by newsboys," he said with a whimsical smile at the pretty face, which bent away from him, "but yours is the most peculiar I have ever kown. Did you borrow it from Dickens?"

"Yes, sir," she whispered blushing still deeper, and hurrying breathlessly into her explanation "Yes, sir. You see, the boys said I'd have to make up a roar if I was going to sell papers, and I thought that was honest anyway."

"Poor little kid!" he thought later, as he heard her cry ring out under his window as he sat in his comfortable room at the hotel. "Poor little kid! I wish I could do something for her. She reminds me of Jennie, somehow. Poor Jennie!" And in reveries of his dear, lost sight of sister he forgot all about Maggie, and thought no more of her until he heard her again the next morning—Christmas morning.

"Not a cheerful day for a fellow who's got nothing but money to help him enjoy himself, and no one to share that with," he thought as he dressed slowly, dearily, for the day promised to be long and barren "If I only had Jennie and her babies to help me out. By Jove!" and he quickened his movements with a look of sudden interest, "I'll hunt up Little Borrioboola Gha and give her a jolly Christmas. She looks as though it wouldn't do her any harm, and I can 'play pretender,' as Jennie's baby used to play that she is one of Jennie's children."

Hastily completing his toilet, he disposed of a hearty breakfast, his pulses quickening as he thought of the pleasure which lay before him, the pleasure of giving happiness to another, the one pleasure which neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil has the power to mar or spoil.

Meanwhile the object of his thoughts had finished selling her papers the night before and gone slowly homeward, resisting the temptation to stay out in the brilliantly lighted streets because of her mother's well remembered request to this effect, and after buying as much candy and fruit for Sweetie as was consistent with saving a few pennies to buy a flower to go to the hospital with her and the baby to-morrow afternoon and laying enough away to buy her stock the next day, she had got straight into bed.

When she awoke, it was broad daylight, the shining light of Christmas Day, which has never seemed quite like that of ordinary days since that first wondrous dawn nearly 1,900 years ago, and she sprang up with the sweet Christmas joy in her heart and face, in spite of her aching toes and lonely condition.

"Now for a cup of coffee and a doughnut," she thought as she hurriedly fastened her garments, "and then for my papers."

"Well, Little Borrioboola Gha," said the same kindly voice which had greeted her the day before, "Merry Christmas to you"

"Same to you, sir," she answered shyly, glancing up at him with the eyes which reminded him so forcibly of his sister. "Paper, sir?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," he responded, reaching in his pocket for a $1 bill. "How are you going to spend your Christmas?"

"I am going to the hospital to see mamma after I get through selling," said Maggie, who, with a child's quick intuition, had divined that this was a man to be trusted. "And I am going to take Sweetie with me."

"Who is Sweetie?" was the next question, asked with a sympathetic intonation which somehow expressed all the kindly words he did not say about her mother. And Maggie, whose heart opened easily to any one who used the key of "Sweetie" wherewith to unlock it, grew talkative at once. "Sweetie's my sister," she prattled, forgetting her wares in the joy of telling her love to some one. "My baby sister. And she's been specially mine ever since mamma got sick and had to go to the hospital. Auntie and Uncle Stewart have got her now," she went on, not noticing the start the gentleman gave, "but I'm going to get her back to live with us just as soon as mamma can come home."

"Is Auntie Stewart your real aunt?" queried her listener, a strange interest in his tone and manner. "And what is your mamma's name?"

"No. Auntie Stewart is an old friend of mamma's and papa's," answered Maggie, tucking her papers more tightly under her arm, "and mamma's name is Jennie Brownell."

"Jennie Brownell!" gasped the man at her side, grasping her arm so tightly that the tender flesh was bruised. "Jennie Brownell! And what was your papa's name?"

"Papa's name was Arthur Brownell," said Maggie, wondering more and more at this man's odd behavior. "But he's been dead a long, long time, and mamma took care of us until she got sick and I was big enough."

"You big enough," exclaimed her listener excitedly. "You big enough, you poor baby! Why how old are you?"

"I'm just 13," said Maggie proudly, "and, indeed, sir, I'm big enough. Why I've taken care of us for nearly a year now, and Sweetie would rather stay with me than with Auntie Stewart. I give her such nice things to eat," she finished innocently.

"To say nothing of the love you evidently lavish upon her," murmured the gentleman to himself.

"Well, Little Borrioboola Gha, what do you say to a change? I think you must be my niece."

"Oh, then you must be uncle Jack," said Maggie, accepting this new and wonderful state of affairs with a child's innocent faith and belief in all things wonderful and bright and good. "Yes, you do look like mamma. She's talked of you so much that I feel I quite know you," she added quaintly.

"You're not going to sell papers any more," said her uncle, as they crossed the street to his hotel. "And now for a merry Christmas It won't be possible to do anything about clothes to-day," with a rueful look at Maggie's garments, "but we'll do something nice anyway. What hospital did you say your mother was at?"

"St. Luke's," answered Maggie, smiling as happily as though the griefs of the morning had never troubled her. "Are you going to see her, too?"

"Yes," said Uncle Jack, smiling down at the eager face, "we're going there right away, but we'll stop and buy some flowers first."

And they set forth, only to find disappointment awaiting them at the hospital. Mrs. Brownell had left the hospital that morning in the care of a strange gentleman who had brought a carriage for her.

"Was it Uncle Stewart?" asked Maggie, and the kindly girl hesitated before replying, catching the busy nurse as she turned away.

"Uncle Stewart!" she said, at length "The old gentleman who came here with her and sometimes brings the little girl? No, it was a much younger man."

"Did mamma know him?" asked Maggie, with a shade of sadness darkening her expressive face in a manner which did not escape her uncle's notice, and again the good-natured nurse staid her steps to reply.

"Yes," she said, with a pleasant, if hasty, smile, "she was delighted to see him and went with him at once."

Maggie turned away sadly, a tear falling on her shabby frock, and she did not refuse the comforting pressure of her uncle's hand as they walked down the long ward together.

"Let's go to Sweetie," suggested her uncle, with a view to distracting her. After making inquires and finding that Mrs. Brownell had left no address, Maggie, who felt that all the world was sad and her doll stuffed with sawdust with a vengeance, assented drearily.

"Maybe she'll be gone, too," she said mournfully, her lip quivering with a pitiful sorrow, as they stepped into the carriage again, and she did not speak again until the horse drew up at Mrs. Stewart's door. Her uncle lifted her out. She sprang up the stairs and rang the bell, and then—then the world resumed its normal coloring, and her doll was once more worth loving, for Sweetie had leaped to her arms, and there in the hall behind was mamma.

"Jack!" she said, softly, after kissing little Maggie frantically. "Well, this must be Easter day instead of Christmas. Two resurrections from the dead!" and she drew his attention to another man who had seized upon Maggie as she released her and was embracing her as though he would never let her go again.

"My darling! My own little girl!" he kept repeating, and it suddenly dawned upon Maggie that it must be her papa, alive again in some wonderful mysterious, Christmas kind of way and come back to care for her and mamma and Sweetie.

"We won't waste time upon long explanations now," said this gentleman as he put Maggie down at last. "I have been prostrated by an accident which caused me to lose my memory until a week ago and my name was mistakenly sent to Jennie here," indicating his wife by a tender glance, "as among those killed by the collision which only injured my brain. When my memory returned to me, I made all speed to come back to her, and not being able to ind the smallest trace of her I thought of dear old Aunt and Uncle Stwart. I knew they would be kind to my poor darlings. And then I went to the hospital and brought her away. We never thought of Maggie going there so early, and I was to wait for her there this afternoon. We hardly knew how to reach her sooner."

"Well, I lost all trace of you all while I was out west," said Uncle Jack, taking possession of Maggie again, "and I only found this little girl by the merest accident." And he lifted Maggie lovingly to his knee, for they had reached the parlor by this time.

And after that? Well, it was Christmas day, and all the stores were closed, but money will do a great deal, and it wasn't long before Auntie Stewart's scantily filled larder was plentifully supplied, and an immense turkey was roasting in the oven.

And when the dinner had been eaten and everybody had told everybody else how glad and happy and surprised they were they sat close together and made plans for the future, lovely, wonderful plans, which seemed almost too good to come true. But they did come true, many of them, and, the best of all, perhaps, was Uncle Jack's plan for Maggie.

"This little girl is going to be a beautiful singer by and by," he said, with a tender good-night kiss as he carried her up to the little attic room Auntie Stewart had insisted upon their using for the night, while papa followed with Sweetie, "to say nothing of being a noble woman if she grows up as brave and unselfish as she is now. I noticed how strong and sweet her voice bade fair to be the moment I heard her giving the 'roar' which astonished me so much. And I am going to see that it has the best of training. And my pet name for her will always be 'Little Borrioboola Gha.'"—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

What Happened on Christmas Days.

Christmas was first celebrated in the year 98, but it was forty years later before it was officially adopted as a Christian festival; nor was it until about the fifth century that the day of its celebration became permanently fixed on the twenty-fifth of December. Up to that time it had been irregulary observed at various times of the year—in December, in April and in May, but most frequently in January.

Two notable coronations occurred on Christmas Day: that of Charlemagne, as Emperor of the West, in the year 800, and that of William the Conqueror, at Westminster Abbey, in 1066. Clovis, the first Christian King of France, was baptized on Christmas Day, 496.

Gills de Reiz, of France, the original "Blue Beard," was executed on Christmas Day, 1440, in atonement for a multitude of crimes, which included the killing of six wives, from which the popular nursery story is derived.

The Pilgrims, who condemned all church festivals, spent their first Christmas in America working hard all day long, amid cold and stormy weather, and commenced the building of the first house in Plymouth, 1620.

Sir Isaac Newton, whose grand discovery of the law of gravitation resulted from the simple fact of his seeing an apple fall to the ground, was born on Christmas Day, 1642

In 1776 General Washington celebrated the day by performing one of the most hazardous and most brilliant manœuvres in the annals of the war. Under cover of the night he crossed the Delaware at McKonkey's Ferry, amid the perils of storm and ice, and marched his brave little army to Trenton, where, on the following morning he completely surprised and routed the Hessians.

It is a significant fact that no great battles were fought on Christmas Day. They have occurred on the twenty-fourth and the twenty-sixth of December, but the anniversary of the advent of Peace on Earth has ever been observed by a cessation of hostilities. A notable exception, however, is that of the battle of Okeechobee, Florida, in which Zachary Taylor defeated the Indians, in 1837.

On Christmas Day of 1861 President Lincoln and his Cabinet met and decided to comply with the demand of Great Britain for the release of Mason and Slidel, who had been captured while on their way to England and France as representatives of the Confederacy.

In 1868 President Johnson made Christmas Day memorable by issuing a proclamation granting full pardon to every one who had taken part in the rebellion.

Great Men

Most of the great men of history were of lowly birth. Look over the list and see how little the "bornin," had to do with results and achievements. Lord Wolsey was the son of a butcher, Columbus the son of a weaver, Horace the son of a manufacturer, Sir Richard Arkwright the son of a barber, Shakespeare the son of a wool stapler, Watt the son of a blockmaker, Virgil the son of a porter, Stephenson the son of a fireman at a colliery, Burns the son of a plowman, Franklin the son of a tallow chandler, Oliver Cromwell the son of a brewer. Esop was a slave. Beaconsfield was a lawyer's clerk. Thomas Paine a staymaker, Defoe a hosier, son of a butcher; Demosthenes the son of a cutler, Ben Jonson was a bricklayer, Bunyan a traveling tinker, Dickens a reporter and son of a reporter, Edmund Kean was the son of a stage carpenter, Cervantes was a common soldier, Homer was a farmer's son and is said to have begged his bread The list might be extended through columns.—*New York Press.*

Christian Arithmetic.

Some one compiled the following rules for Christian arithmetic from God's Word:

Notation, "I will put my laws into their minds and write them in their hearts."

Numeration, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Addition, "Add to your faith virtue and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.

Subtraction, "Let us put off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light."

Multiplication, "Mercy unto you, and peace, and love be multiplied.

Division, "Wherefore came out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, * * and I will receive you."

The Origin of Coffee.

As to the history of coffee, the legend runs that it was first growing wild in Arabia. Hadji Omar, a dervsh, discovered it in 1285, six hundred and eighteen years ago. He was dying of hunger in the wilderness, when finding some small round berries, he tried to eat them but they were bitter. He tried roasting them, and these he finally steeped in some water held in the hollow of his hand, and found the decoction as refreshing as if he had partaken of solid food. He hurried back to Mecha, from which he had been banished, and invited the wise men to partake of his discovery. They were so well pleased with it that they made him a saint.

The story is told that coffee was introduced in the West Indies in 1723 by Ckirac, a French physician, who gave a Norman gentlemen by the name of De Clieux, a captain of infantry on his way to Martinique, a single plant. The sea voyage was a stormy one, the vessel was driven out of her course, and drinking water became so scarce that it was distributed in rations. De Clieux, with an affection for his coffee plant, divided his portion of water with it, and succeeded in bringing it to Martinique, weak but not in a hopeless condition. There he planted it in his garden, protected it with a fence of thorns, and watched it daily until the end of the year, when he gathered two pounds of coffee, which he distributed among the inhabitants of the island to be planted by them. From Martinique coffee trees in turn were sent to Santo Domingo, Guadeloupe, and other neighboring islands.

The coffee tree is an evergeen shrub, growing, in its natural state to a height of fourteen to eighteen feet. It is usually kept trimmed, however, for convenience in picking the berries, which grow along the branches close to the leaves and resemble in shape and color ordinary cherries. The tree cannot be grown above the frost line, neither can it be successfully grown in the tropics. The most successful climate for production is that found at an altitude of about four thousand feet. Anything much above this is in danger of frost, which is fatal to the tree; and, when coffee is grown much below this it requires artificial shade, which materially increases to the cost of production and does not produce as marketable berries. It is owing to this particular requirement that coffee has never been successfully produced in the United States.—*Success.*

Laughter Holding Both His Sides.

The figure is Milton's. He must have been feeling wonderfully comfortable, when he represented the giggler in that ridiculous attitude. But one must be funny sometimes, and there is perhaps nothing so funny as a philosopher setting out to be funny. He is often very amusing when he is most seriously serious; but when he unbends, that would be a situation to make the angels laugh. Shapespeare makes them weep and laugh themselves "Mortal," and I should think they might be replaced by the philosopher once in a while, at least.

"How did you like my book?" asked a hopeful author. "Oh, it's good, but why didn't you put in something bright."

Humorist—I have been writing jokes now for twenty-eight years.

Friend—You mean that you began trying to write jokes twenty-eight years ago.

An author remarked with some pride, "This poem is entirely original."

The editor, after looking over the manuscript somewhat hurriedly, replied.

"It is certainly very generous of you to take the whole responsibility."

"Do fishes grow up fast, Jimmie?" asked a youth of a fisherman's appreciative boy. "Some of them does," replied the youth, "Pop caught one here last year that grows three inches every time he tells of it."

On being told that divorces were multiplying, a serious lady replied that she thought the function of divorces was to divide.

Boy to his practical father, "What are the fortunes of war, papa? Father, "The fortunes made by the Government contractor, my boy."

The lesser lights of society have limited opportunity for going out. A poor excuse, if new, is better than an old one that has been overworked.

If Admiral Rojestvensky had reported that he fired at Jap. torpedo boats, towed by an immense sea serpent, the English would doubtless accept his explanation with better grace, as they understand that sort of jag, but phantom torpedo boats without snakes—that won't go down.

Reliable Information.

A story is told of H H. Rogers, the Standard Oil man, which is worth repeating.

A young man in this city who had the same name and initials as Mr. Rogers frequently received through the mails letters which were intended for the Standard Oil man. One day he received a bill for a new flag furnished to Mr. Roger's yacht which he mailed to him with the following note:

"Dear Sir: I received the inclosed bill intended for you. I am not fortunate enough to own a yacht, however. I will pay your bill if you will tell me the best time to buy Standard Oil."

He received the following reply:

"Dear Sir: Your note at hand. I will be glad to pay my own bill. The best time to buy Standard Oil is between 10 and 3."—*Boston Traveler.*

John D Rockefeller's annual income from Standard Oil is now estimated to be $13,000,000.

The Turkish Minister of the Navy is said to be worth $12,000,000. His salary is $80,000 a year.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1904.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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At Christmas Time.

Within an old cathedral dim
The white-robed choir chant a hymn,
That old, old story o'er again,
Of peace on earth, good will toward men.
A holy silence fills the air,
And every head is bowed in prayer,
While from the tower the joy-bells chime
At Christmas time.

Far out upon the briny deep
The mariner his watch doth keep
For his bright, guiding Bethlehem star,
The beacon light that shines afar;
And, as he sees its kindly rays,
He thinks of home and other days,
Of loved ones in a distant clime
At Christmas time.

Again at the old homestead's door
Dear friends and kindred meet once more,
To sit around the hearthstone's glow
And hark to bells across the snow.
They talk of youth and hope and love,
And gently speak of those above,
The missing ones, with faith sublime,
At Christmas time.

—Inez M. Felt.

A Merry Christmas!

AGAIN we have arrived at the great festivity of the year, for our race. It is, for many, the great religious festival, distinguished from all others by its message "Peace on earth, good-will towards all men." For those who do not regard it in particular as a holy day, it is the leading national holiday, the popular, festive season. Above all, it is the great domestic festival, the occasion for family reunions, the time when all seek the old roof-tree in thought, if they can not in person; the time for the exchanges of tokens of affection; the time when joy reigns supreme in all hearts. Wherever the stars and stripes are unfurled, wherever the Caucasian race has penetrated and exists, wherever there are men and women who recognize and honor the symbol of Christendom; there on Christmas day do we find peoples permeated with the most kindly thoughts and animated by the most charitable impulses. We hope that all the readers of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, that all the deaf of whatever clime, will participate in the rejoicings which are inherent unto Christmas Day.

"We wish you health and love and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will."

IN an article contributed to a Canadian periodical, Mr. F. J. T. Boal, President of the New Brunswick Association of Deaf-Mutes, says the the Census of 1901 shows the number of deaf-mutes in the Province of New Brunswick, Dominion of Canada, to be four hundred and fifty. Only about one-fourth of the adult deaf have been given the rudiments of an education, because of the poor educational provision in the past. The oldest school for the deaf of Canada was established at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in the year 1857. The deaf of New Brunswick now have a good school, situated on Lancaster Heights, St. John.

IT is to be hoped that the old saying, "A lie will travel round the world while the truth is pulling on its boots," will not operate in all cases. If it does, the misleading criticism of Mr. A. L. Pach, in the latest issue of the *Silent Worker*, will do injustice to a number of good and charitable people. Mr. Pach argues from false premises. Referring to the Thanksgiving dinners given, by the parishioners of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, to the poor and needy deaf of almost every shade of religious belief, he says "*this time they all gathered at the Church for the deaf*, and the score of unfortunates was given a good, square meal of turkey, and all the trimmings, waited on by the good pastor himself and a few volunteers."

Mr. Pach then goes into nearly a column of protest "at any exhibition of poor deaf-mutes that gives pain to those of them that are not callous and hardened."

The clause in italics is wrong. Only those deaf people who had no home, or the facilities for cooking the dinner, were gathered in the Guild Room of St. Ann's. Furthermore, *they were not on exhibition*, as only those necessary to prepare and serve the dinner were allowed to be present. The names of the poor deaf-mutes were not even made known to those who contributed towards the expense of the dinner. And still furthermore, twice as many other poor deaf-mute families received baskets, containing all the requisites for a Thanksgiving Dinner, at their homes. The names of these deaf-mutes are known only to a necessary two or three persons. The charity was bestowed without any ostentation whatever, and nothing was done to injure the native pride or humiliate the feelings of the recipients. In a word, the scriptural injunction was followed: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

BALTIMORE.

The Oyster Supper, held at the Hall of the Society, Wednesday night, December 14th, passed off very pleasantly, and everybody seemed to be happy. A neat little sum was realized, which goes to increase the exchequer of the Society considerably. There were about seventy-five persons present, the extremely cold weather keeping many at home. The chairman in general, Miss Annie Barry, deserves great praise for the successful management of the affair. John E Fowble, of Carroll County, came all the way to attend, and he had a good time, too.

Mr. N. F. Morrow, of Indiana, the treasurer of the National Association of the Deaf, will conduct services at Grace P. E. Church, Sunday evening, December 25th.

The Baltimore Society of the Deaf will hold a special meeting, at its Hall, Wednesday night, December 21st, on important business Seven new names have been proposed for membership. It is also expected to organize a basket ball team. Some time ago, some body broke into the hall and stole a number of small articles belonging to the Society The large box was broken open, and the things were strewn around the floor in confusion.

Harry O Palmer, of near Belair, was in town Wednesday last, and called to see the writer. He said that he likes the JOURNAL very much, and can't do without it.

The shoe factory, where James Hickey Mooney is employed, introduced lasting machines there, and discharged all of the lasters, except James, who was retained in some other capacity, for long and faithful services to the company. He is an admirer of the JOURNAL and has just handed in his subscription to ye reporter.

John B Smith is confined to his home with a very bad felon on his left hand. The doctor had to cut it open Saturday, and now the sore is healing nicely.

Rev. D. E. Moylan was in Frederick, and spent a few hours at the school. He returned Friday night.

Dec. 19, '04. J. A. B.

COMPENSATION.

For each and ever loss we bear
Some recompense we gain;
And when we miss the goals we seek,
Some other heights attain.

When Nature wills a cross to some,
In mercy then she sends
Some compensating gift of strength,
As if to make amends.

The blind possess a keener ear,
The deaf a clearer sight,
And what the one regains from sound,
The other gets from light.

The fool in mental prison held
That lives to eat and drink,
Can never know the curse it is
To live and not to think.

So Nature gives whene'er she takes
And makes an even trade,
And he who loses much, gains more,
And so the bargain's made.

J. S. L., in Hawkeye

PHILADELPHIA.

Gallaudet Day Again Celebrated

TOASTS AND SPEECHES

And Paragraphs of Interest.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The third year dinner of the Gallaudet Club, commemorating the one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, took place at the Garrick Hotel, on Thirteenth Street below Chestnut, on Saturday evening, December 10th, 1904. The event was a delightfully enjoyable one, as have the previous dinners been, though the attendance at this one was larger. Having dined at the same hotel on the preceding occasions, the hotel management showed its appreciation of the Club's regular patronage by an improvement of its service, which in turn was appreciated by all who noticed it. For this, Mr William Tompkins, the Secretary and Manager of the hotel deserves especial mention.

The banquet room was admirably decorated and the table, which was shaped like a **U**, glowed in the colors of the Club—gold and cream, lamps, flowers, and holly branches, the latter reminding the banqueters of the approach of another joyous Yuletide. Each plate bore a beautiful menu booklet tied together with ribbons of the colors of the Club. They were the workmanship of Mr. Harry E. Stevens, President of the Club, and were greatly admired for their artistic and clever make up. The cover of each booklet contained the announcement of the dinner together with a comically painted drawing, each booklet having a different subject to represent a characteristic of the diner, real and imaginary For instance, the booklet of the Secretary of the Club is adorned with a drawing of a Dutchman in blue overalls, pink shirt and red toga, viewed from the back. In his right hand he holds a bucket, presumedly of paste. while his left one is busy applying a coat of the sticky stuff on a large bill-posting board and putting up a poster that announces the dinner. At the bottom, a small scroll bears the name of the diner. All the work being free-hand, the booklets are more prized than would be the case if they were printed. One page in the booklet is devoted to the menu, another to the list of toasts, and another to the list of members, and the year '04, is artistically painted on the back of the cover.

The Club had extended an invitation to Dr. E M. Gallaudet, of Washington, D. C., Dr. A. L E Crouter, Superintendent of the Mt. Airy Institution, and Prof. John P. Walker, Superintendent of the New Jersey School, to be the guests of honor on this occasion, but only the last named gentleman put in his appearance Dr. Gallaudet had sent his regrets and greeting to the Club, and Dr. Cronter, who had promised to be on hand, must have been prevented from attending at the last moment. Other guests included the Rev. C. O Dantzer, and the following well-known teachers of the deaf: Mr. F W. Booth, Mr. E G Hurd, of the North Carolina Institution, Mr J. D. Kirkhuff, Mr E S. Thompson, Mr. Harris Taylor, Mr. Barton Sensenig, and Mr. H Acheson. The members of the Club who sat around the festive board were Messrs. Howard E. Arnold. Thomas Breen, Samuel G. Davidson William F. Durian, Martin C Fortescue, of Berwick; Henry J Haight, of New York; William Lee, John A. McIlvaine, Jr., Francis W. Nuboer, of New York; Daniel Paul, Ira M. Poorman, Charles Partington, of Chester; James S Reider, George T. Sanders, Harry E Stevens, Edward D Wilson, and George S. Porter, of Trenton. Covers were laid for thirty persons, but only twenty-seven were taken. Mr. Frank L. Feighan, a non-member, attended the dinner, and Messrs. Ziegler and Beadell were the absent members.

Following was the

MENU

Shrewsbury Oysters on half-shell
Celery Olives Radishes
Clear Green Turtle Soup
Planked Weak Fish
Roast Turkey Cranberry Sauce
Potatoes en Caisis French Peas
Yuenta Punch
Turkish Cigarettes
Roast Squab on Toast
Salad de Season
Plum Pudding with Wine Sauce
Coffee

Having thus satisfied the inner man, it remained for one to give the signal for the "flow of soul." Accordingly, President Stevens, in his new capacity as Toastmaster, called the diners to attention and reminded them of the great benefactor of the deaf whom the dinner specially commemorated—Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. His "flow of soul" exhausted, he called on Mr. F. W. Booth to continue the flowing exercise in response to the toast "The Gallaudet Family." The towering figure of Mr. Booth saved the straining of twenty-six necks while he delivered a fitting tribute to that distinguished family. He laid stress upon the fact that there were three Gallaudets to remember, not one, as each one was equally great in his respective sphere of work.

The next toast was "The Industrial Education of the Deaf," and was to have been answered by Dr. Crouter; but in his absence, Mr. Geo. S Porter, foreman of the Printing Department of the New Jersey School, was called upon to respond to it. He called attention to the attractive *menu* booklets as the work of a deaf man, Mr. H. E Stevens, and he knew that the deaf were also proficient in other branches of art. He referred to the work in his own school in advancing industrial education and of the interest that Superintendent Walker shows in it.

When "The Old Broad and Pine Streets School" was proposed, and Superintendent John P. Walker arose to free the flow of his soul, which is usually of the most felicitous kind, there was cheering after cheering, and Mr. Walker was unable to suppress a smile. He first took Secretary Reider to task for inviting him without so much as hinting that he was to speak upon a subject that took him so many years back when most of those present were little men and be little more than them. He then referred to a pleasing incident at the World's Fair, when Helen Keller was greeted by the five or six Walkers who are engaged in the work of teaching the deaf in this country. One by one the Walkers mounted the platform to meet the girl, who seemed as much amused as the onlookers at the long string of Walkers. He (our Mr. Walker) was the last one to follow his namesakes and he thought it a great pleasure to do so. He also regarded it as a happy call now to tell of the by-gone times of "the dear old Broad and Pine Streets School." After naming those who had since departed to the land beyond and those who are still tarrying here and awaiting the summons, he proposed that all stand up and drink (water) to the memory of "the dear dead ones of the old Broad and Pine Streets School." The request was immediately complied with, and a graceful mark of respect was shown.

No sooner had the diners resumed their seats than Mr. Davidson arose and proposed that we now also drink to the memory of the dear *live* ones of the old Broad and Pine Streets School. This was also done with a hearty good will.

Responding to "The Intellectual Education of the Deaf," Mr. S. G Davidson said that while there has been in many directions great progress in the education of the deaf since the time of Gallaudet, we have in none attained perfection, and in some there has even been retrogression. The material equipment of the schools is superior, their management is more systematic and business-like and methods are better, while teachers are held to a stricter accountability. But the most important factor of an education—the personality of the teacher, is being neglected. Fewer men teachers are coming into the work, and those of an inferior quality. It is also a question whether the women teachers coming into the profession grade up to those of a few years back. The Public School authorities complain that with the new and more remunerative occupations opened to women, they can no longer get as well qualified teachers as when teaching was practically the only profession open to the sex. It would seem that this must also be the case with schools for the deaf. Again, while the salaries of teachers in public schools have risen, and have been supplemented, in all important cities by a pension, the remuneration of teachers of the deaf has remained stationary, or been reduced. The teacher makes the school. We must have more and better men teachers, and to get them, we must pay better salaries. The glory of a school should not be the buildings in which it is honored, but the character of its instructors and the consequent quality of its results as expressed in the lives of its graduates.

"Original Sayings," was replied to by Rev. Mr. Dantzer. He had no original sayings of his own to present, but was well equipped with illustrations to show that much of what is thought original is not really so. If the reverend gentleman did not succeed in adding to the stock of wisdom of his dining pupils, he certainly succeeded in humorizing them with his "crack sayings."

In replying to "Our Guests," Mr. John A. McIlvaine, Jr., took advantage of a public opportunity to show his gratitude and high estimation of the very persons who had been so helpful to him in pushing the recent Home Fair to such a successful issue. They were Messrs. Thompson, Tayor, Sensenig, Acheson, Booth and Kirkhuff. Superintendent Waller and Mr. Hurd also got a soft pat.

Lastly, but not leastly, "Our Wives and Sweethearts" received consideration at the hands of Mr. Reider in the following way:

We hear it said that "A good wife is a treasure." The question may be asked then "How much is a wife worth."

I once read of a man, who sold his wife for ten cents and afterwards went to law to regain possession of her. Evidently her loss was too much for him. It seems then that the question can not be answered in dollars and cents. In very many cases she is undoubtedly the *better half*.

But our *own* wives, you ask. Well, we own up that they are the dearest creatures on earth.

They may not be like the Perfectos that you smoke; but then I would remind you that there would be no joys, if no sorrows; no caresses, if no crosses; and no crowns, if no failings.

As to Sweethearts, there are so many Peters in society who deny that they have a sweetheart that we feel safe in declaring that there are no better sweethearts than our wives. They are both in one, and the more they are so, the greater is the sum total of domestic happiness.

Lift the cup in remembrance of our loved ones which by the grace of custom are left behind.

There was no time for impromptu toasts, so, after instructing the Secretary to convey the greetings of the Club to Drs. Gallaudet and Crouter, and the Rev. Dr. F. J. Clerc, the President declared the dinner "adjourned *sine die*."

The gratifying announcement that the recent Home Fair netted the sum of $768.57 needs arithmetical revision. Some belated receipts have caused the sum to rise above the $800 mark. High tide, perhaps; but we should not be weary to report it higher yet. Regret is expressed on all sides that the supply of saleable articles was not large enough to last till evening.

A most gracious act in connection with the Fair was the receipt from far-away Iowa of a beautifully embroidered handkerchief case, the work of the Busy Bees Circle of King's Daughters of the School for the Deaf.

Mrs. Geo. S. Porter and Mrs R B. Lloyd, of Trenton, were other outsiders who donated articles to the Fair and they are entitled to share our pride in its success.

In giving the names of the deaf workers for the Fair, we unintentionally omitted that of Mrs. James M. Purvis.

She was reported to us as deserving of mention and we are only too glad to give "Honor, to whom honor is due." We tremble somewhat at the thought that we may have unconsciously slighted other worthy "labourers in the vineyard" of the Home.

The services of Mrs. Edward D Wilson and Mrs. J. Syle were worth much more than our poor pencil could give them credit for; and Mr. Lit, father of D. Ellis Lit, is showing a most generous interest in the Home.

The Trustees of the Home have already decided to pay off as much of the mortgage as the funds on hand will warrant. Grateful news!

The sixteenth anniversary of the Consecration of All Souls' Church for the Deaf was observed by a pleasing service in the church, on Thursday evening, December 8th. A large congregation was present. After a shortened form of Evening Prayer, the Rev. S. C. Hill, of Grace Church, Mt. Airy, and Secretary of the Commission on Church Work Among the Deaf, briefly reviewed the history of church work among the Deaf in Philadelphia, and, in his concluding remarks, congratulated the congregation upon the great improvement shown. Dr. Cronter interpreted his address and afterwards also delivered an encouraging address. Pastor Dantzer commented on the work done and to be done. The offerings, including donations, amounted to about $75. Following the service, a social time was passed by the people in the hall below, refreshments being served to all.

Notwithstanding the severe snowstorm, a small company of young mutes including Miss Carrie Aspinwall, and Messrs. Eugene McCarty, Joseph Walls, Joseph S. Rodgers and John A. Roach, paid an unexpected but pleasant call on Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Pennell, in whose honor they gave a flinch party, on Saturday evening, the 10th inst.

At the conclusion of the game, all present, including Mrs. Pennell's parents and hearing friends who happened to be at the house at that time, were treated to an appetizing repast. As the clock struck twelve, the participants of the party, which will not beforgotten too soon, scattered for home.

That the "deaf and dumb dodge" is a profitable practice of unprinipled hearing persons may be inferred from the desperate acts of the parties reported in the following clipping from a Philadelphia daily paper, last week.

Enticed from his home by an organized gang of tramp beggars and thieves, and compelled by them to beg as a "deaf and dumb" boy, Malcolm Campbell, of 1921 South Sixteenth street, is now held by the Baltimore police, who await the arrival of his father, John C. Campbell, from this city.

Young Campbell disappeared from his home three weeks ago Nothing was known of his whereabouts until the Baltimore police made a round-up of suspicious characters in a raid on a tramps' rendezvous. Among those taken in the net were Campbell and a beggar named Topfer

The boy said that he had been taken by the gang through the Southern States and that Topfer had taught him the deaf and dumb alphabet in order to aid him in deceiving people He tried to escape, but was caught and beaten, and despaired of ever seeing his home again.

Until he saw Topfer safe behind bars, the lad refused to make any statement. Then he told the police the story of his hardships His father left last night for Baltimore to bring him home.

These impostors are most numerous during the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays. Now and then we hear of exposures and the punishment of the offenders; but it would be interesting to know how many successfully escape the dragnet of the police each year.

Mr. Ellis D. Lit of 1942 North Broad Street, celebrated his twenty-first birthday anniversary on wednesday evening.

An Edison moving picture exhibition will be given, for the benefit of the Expense Fund of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, in the Guild Hall, on Saturday evening, December 31st. It is in charge of the following Committee: Chas. H. Waterhouse, Chairman: Wm H Lipsett and Thomas E. Jones. There will four intermissions lasting several minutes, during which coffee and sandwiches will be served for a nominal price. Admission twenty-five cents. The Great Train Robbery. The Bombardment of Port Arthur, and many other interesting and amusing pictures, will be shown and an evening of rare pleasure may be looked for. Don't miss it!

The annual Christmas festival of All Souls' parish, will be held in the Guild Hall, on Monday evening, December 26th.

The December qurterly business meeting of the Clerc Literary Association was held last Thursday evening, 15th.

Louisa, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schuster, of Camden, N. J, has been attacked with diphtheria, but report says she is on the road to recovery.

Report says that Miss Nellie V. Hayden, a graduate of the Philadelphia School and of Gallaudet College, died, November 9th, last, in California, where she had been taken in the hope of having her health restored.

WILMINGTON.

On Saturday evening, December 3d, a surprise birthday party was given Miss Eva G. Coxe, of Wilmington, Del., by her parents, and a very enjoyable evening was had Miss Coxe was presented with several nice gifts. Among the guests were Miss Tina F. Jones, Mr. Geo B. Wilson, Mr and Mrs. Richard Ormrod and Miss Eva G Plumley. Nice refreshments were served the guests.

MINNEAPOLIS. Dec. 17.—There was a row in a house at No. 828 Sixth Avenue, south, occupied exclusively by deaf-mutes, that became so loud that neighbors complained When Patrolman Lawton appeared on the scene, he still heard the noise, but when he entered and tried to get some information he was greeted by grinning faces, deaf ears but no words. It was the closest-mouthed crowd that the police have had to deal with for many months. Only one man could talk.

CHURCH NOTICES.

CHRISTMAS DAY, SUNDAY DECEMBER 25TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y, 10:30 A M
Holy Communion.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P M
Holy Communion
Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A M.

Anniversary of Consecration in St Ann's Church, Monday, December 26th, 8 P M.

Christmas Tree Festival in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, December 27th.

Brooklyn Guild Meetings.

It meets the first Thursday of each month, except July and August, at 8 P.M, in St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue.

1904
28—Christmas Enter.

1905
Jan. 5—Annual Meeting.
26—Entertainment.
Feb. 2—Guild Meeting.
23—Entertainment.
Mar. 2—Guild Meeting.
23—Entertainment.
Apr. 6—Guild Meeting.
20—Entertainment.
May 4—Guild Meeting.
25—Entertainment.
June 1—Guild Meeting.
15—Strawberry Festival.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Ralph W Keeler, Pastor of the Goodsell Methodist Episcopal Church, Sheridan and McKinley Avenues, Brooklyn, will hold religious services in the sign language for deaf-mutes, every Sunday afternoon at a quarter past four.

It is always easier to fight the dead sins of yesterday than to face the living ones of to-day.

If you are doing no good to others you are doing much harm to yourself.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Give the Deaf Child His Due.

An exchange says: "It is often asked why the boys and girls do not attend school longer. Many, far too many of them drop out at ten or twelve, and it is seldom that the boys attend after their fourteenth or fifteenth years. This should not be so, and it would not be so if the parents used the proper encouragement."

This is true, but is it not a far greater injustice to a deaf child that his parents often keep him at home, on the score of devotion, until he is a full grown physical man?

The satistics of our school show that during a period extending through a decade, at least fourteen pupils were entered between the ages of twenty and thirty-four and twelve were entered between the ages of sixteen and twenty. While it is strange that this should be a fact at all, how much stranger it becomes when we know that some of these same pupils have lived within a radius of fifty miles of the school.

Of this number very few were in attendance at school beyond their second or their term A pupil entering upon his studies so late in life, necessarily finds himself at a great disadvantage. Often he becomes restless, dissatisfied and humiliated at being placed in a class with tots of seven, with the result that he is withdrawn from school long before his period is over, because his progress has been by no means satistactory, either to his parents or to himself. It is the same old story—his intellect was aroused too late.

The history of the world shows a remarkable small percent of men who beginning after reaching maturity, have succeeded in obtaining an education Then how much more necesary is it that a deaf child, handicapped as he is, be given every chance before he reaches that age when it becomes almost impossible to arouse his dormant powers.

It is a fact acknowledged by science, that the period during which a child is capable of development extends from the age of seven to the age of seventeen. To be sure, if at seventeen, he has had a fair beginning he is capable of doing much good work, but the parents which exhibit most wisdom will see to it that their children are placed in school as soon as possible after the age of seven is reached.

Devotion is all right, but parents can scarcely make a graver mistake than to deny their afflicted child his right to an education, entirely excusing themselves on the plea that they "love him so tenderly," they cannot bear to undergo the pain and sacrifice of separation. Devotion in this case rather assumes the aspect of "sentimental justification."

Send your child to school. Separate yourself from him, and bear with fortitude any sacrifice that such a separation may bring to you, and in so doing, show that genuine heartfelt devotion that makes you loose sight of yourself for his good, for the building of his Christian character.—*Ga. School Helper.*

An Impostor

HELD HER TONGUE, MADE $5 A DAY

Mary Ann Duval, who, according to the belief of the agents of the Charities Organization Society, has swindled more persons during the last six years than any other mendicant in New York, was arrested yesterday afternoon and sentenced by Magistrate Cornell, in the Jefferson Market Police Court, to an indeterminate term on Blackwell's Island.

Her plan was to go into large office buildings, pretending to be deaf and dumb, and to sell cards on which were printed the deaf and dumb alphabet. In making her entrance to an office she presented a letter which read:—

"To My Friends:—Please help me, for I have a mother who is blind. The Lord will help you. Oh, I wish I could talk or hear so that I could get work. You will please buy my card to help me. Thank you so much for it. M. A. Davis."

The cards sold for ten cents each, but she frequently received quarters, half dollars and even dollars.

She had been begging in the office buildings along Fifth Avenue during the last three weeks, and when the Charities Organization learned this fact agents warned tenants in the buildings there to notify them when she appeared. She learned of this and yesterday changed her route, only to walk against three detectives in a Broadway office building where she was reaping a harvest. At first she tried to carry out her part with them, but when she was confronted by evidence which was sufficient to send her to the workhouse, she broke down and confessed.

Nearly 800 miles of telephone wire have been put up in Abyssinia.

Swinging as an exercise is the latest craze among fashionable women in England.

The military were called out to fight a plague of grasshoppers at Erlau, Hungary.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, now visiting us, has $75,000 per annum salary.

NEW YORK.

The Fair in Aid of St. Ann's Church

A GREAT SUCESS.

The News of the Week in a Condensed Form.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The Fair at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, under the management of Mrs. Emma Brown, Chairman, and Edward Elsworth, Assistant Chairman, and a committee consisting of Mr. J. H Keiser, Mrs Tobin, Mrs Knox Mrs Mann, Mrs Buhle, Misses Gertrude Turner, Alice E. Judge, proved quite a success, the profit being estimated at considerably more than three hundred dollars.

The Guild Rooms, wherein the Fair was held, were beautifully decorated with flags and bunting, while the booths, in their gay dress of crepe paper and other trimmings, made a *tout ensemble* that was extremely pleasing to the eye.

The street gas-lamp at the corner had a transparent sign, which challenged the charity of the wayfarer, while at the outer gate was a streamer advertising the work being carried on within. At the entrance to the Guild room was festooned the National banner, while above it was the legend "Dew Drop Inn."

Following is a list of—

THE VARIOUS BOOTHS.

STATIONERY BOOTH.—In charge of the Misses Lizzie Miller and Freda Kugler.

This booth was decorated with American flags, crepe paper, pictutes and photographs. Here were sold all kinds of stationery, photographs of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Dr. I. L. Peet, beautitul plaster profiles of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, etc. Here also votes were deposited for the photograph of President Roosevelt, the White House, and the President's autograph.

GROCERY BOOTH.—In charge of Miss Eunice Brewer and Mr. Charles Brewer.

This booth was striking and unique in decoration in black and yellow crepe paper. The articles sold here comprised all manner of groceries, and the attendants were kept busy.

JAPANESE BOOTH.—In charge of Miss Katie Ehrlich.

This booth was very prettily decorated with Japanese parasols, lanterns and fans, large, small and tiny. Here beautiful china ware, fans, napkins, dolls, etc., were disposed of. The attendant was gowned in an exquisite Japanese costume, and looked as if she had just came from the "Land of the Chrysanthemum."

LEMONADE BOOTH.—In charge of Miss Louise Kummer and Miss Ray Fenalli.

In effects, this booth was considered superb, being decorated with streamers of white and yellow crepe paper running to the dome point in spiral shape, dotted with small American flags and paper roses. Here Lemonade and Moxie tickled the palates of the thirsty, served by the deft hands of two pretty girls dressed in black, with snow-white aprons.

FORTUNE COVE.—In charge of Mrs. Elizabeth Fosmire.

The attendant of this booth was shielded behind the folds of a large American flag, and was dressed in a Gipsy costume of variegated colors. She told her patrons their fortunes, and that's all that need be said.

DRY GOODS BOOTH.—In charge of the Misses Sarah Howard, Hannah Frey, and Gussie Berley.

This booth was prettily decorated with blue muslin, and the articles on sale appealed to femininity—at least, purchasers could not resist the vivacious array of femininity behind the counter—and sales were large in consequence.

CANDY BOOTH.—In charge of Misses Elizabeth Thadwald and Mary Brewer.

This was a bower of sweets—including the attendants, who felt comfortable amid an abundant supply of Huyler's best assortments, enclosed in a booth of beautiful design.

PERFUMERY BOOTH.—In charge of Miss Gertrude Turner and Miss Alice Judge.

This booth was very prettily decorated with intertwined violets and sidings of daffodils. The two pretty damsels behind the counter added to the scene, and they had no trouble in disposing of Colgate's far-famed perfumery, soaps and powders.

"LADIES' HOME JOURNAL" BOOTH.—In charge of Mrs. A. A. Barnes.

This booth was a beautiful one, being unique in construction with red crepe paper, and decorated with souvenir pictures. Here also votes were received for various contests, and for the gilt-frame picture of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

FANCY ARTICLE BOOTH.—In charge of Mrs. Bryan, Mrs. H. Juhring and Mrs. F. Meinken.

This booth was a popular one, and the hundreds of notions and knick-knacks on sale found easy buyers, while the experienced salesladies handled the goods with the grace of experts.

FISHING POND.—In charge of Misses Florence Hodgson and Carrie Bryan.

The Fishing Pond occupied the southeast corner of the room, and was decorated with bunting, imitation fishes, and Christmas tree ornaments. For ten cents, the fisherman or woman was permitted to try their luck, and the smiling faces after a haul showed their luck was great.

DINING ROOM.—In charge of Mrs. W. Buhle, Mrs. H. Tobin, Mrs. Neiser, Mrs. C. Q. Mann, and Miss A. Mann.

This department occupied the annex to the Guild Room, and was tastefully laid out. Refreshments of the kind that appeal to the inner man were dispensed, and the bevy of Mesdames in charge were kept on the jump.

The first night's sales were excellent, the second pretty good, while the Saturday night results, in spite of the big snow storm, were equal to the most sanguine expectations.

Nearly everything was solo, and what did fail of purchasers will be auctioned at some future time.

On Saturday evening at ten o'clock, with Mr. John H. Keiser as auctioneer and Mr. Elsworth as display clerk, a great number of things went to the highest bidder.

The articles offered at ten cents a vote went as follows:

Sofa pillow, donated by Stern Brothers, to Theo. S. Rose.

A large framed portrait of Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, to St. Ann's Church.

Photograph of the White House, to Miss Freda Kugler.

A large framed photograph of Mrs. Roosevelt, donated by Bell, of Washington, D. C., to Miss Gertrude Turner.

A large photograph of President Roosevelt, donated by Pach Brothers, to Miss Louise Kummer.

A china chocolate set, to Mrs. John Chamberlain.

A sofa pillow, to Rev. Dr. Chamberlain.

An ice cream set of prettily decorated china, to Mr. John H. Keiser.

A whisk brush, with sterling silver handle and an embroidered holder, to Mrs. Emma Brown.

A traveling mirror, to Mr. Edward Elsworth.

A pretty sofa pillow, to Mr. E. A. Hodgson.

The wheel of Fortune brought to Henry Bryan a box of cigars, and to W. Theis a box of perfumery

And a lucky chance placed in the arms of Mrs. C. Q. Mann, a handsomely gowned French doll.

The *Ladies' Home Journal*, which contributed a booth, received a goodly number of subscriptions.

One of the permanent benefits of this Fair, is that for furture entertainments there will be an adjustable stage, as well as a hat and coat rack. For this, the management is very grateful to Mr. W. W. Thomas and Charles Brewer, whose skill as carpenters, and sustained energy in the line of constructiveness, made these long and much needed improvements.

Attention is called to the change of date for the Christmas exercises of the Bible Class at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, from December 22d to the 27th. Dr. Johnston, Mr. W. W. Hall, the Sunday School Superintendent, and Mr. Enoch Henry Currier, will address the class, and an interesting programme has been arranged by the members. A most cordial invitation is extended to all the deaf to come and enjoy the occasion.

Next Tuesday evening, December 27th, the Christmas Tree Festival of the Guild of Silent Workers will be held in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church. In connection there with there will be an exhibition of views with the aid of a stereopticon. An admission charge of fifteen cents will be levied to meet expenses.

The Misses Nellie and Mary Long, and Messrs. William and Richard Long, all deaf-mutes, were made orphans by the death of their father, which occurred on Friday, December 11th, the interment taking place on the following Monday Death was due to pneumonia, after only one week of illness. Only a short time ago, these afflicted children lost their mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennison, of Brooklyn, are almost heartbroken over the death of their little boy, George, who died of scarlet fever, on Monday, December 19th, aged three years and ten months. He was buried next day, at Cypress Hills Cemetery. He was a handsome little fellow, very bright, and idolized by his parents.

Miss Florence Mason, of Brooklyn, is visiting friends in Kingston, N. Y., and is having such a swell time that she does not expect to return home before the middle of January.

The mother of Henry Elliott, of Brooklyn, died, suddenly, on December 11th, at the age of 73 years, and was buried in Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

Miss Nellie E. Lorigan is now residing at Cedar Grove, N. J., after spending the summer months at Mattituck, L. I.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, a. 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

The Bible Classes meet at 8 P.M.

Dec. 27.—Christmas Exercises of the Bible Class, and Entertainment by the Young People's Committee. An invitation is extended to every one to be present.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Thursday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A supper, which was very successful, was held at the Parish House on the evening of November 17th. The supper was in charge of Mrs. Edward Timmermann, and she was assisted by Mrs Critchly, Miss Pugh, Mrs. Wackerman, and Mrs. Francis. A large number of the city's deaf were present, as well as several hearing people. We were pleased to have with us Revs. Smielau and Hart. After supper a social evening was spent. Over eight dollars was realized, which goes to the Christmas Fund.

Another successful Oyster Supper was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs DeYoung, under the auspices of the Deaf-Mute Mission. Those in charge were Messrs. DeYoung and Critchly, Mrs. Critchly and Mrs. Gibbs. A good sum was realized and goes to the Christmas Fund. Beside the oysters, doughnuts and coffee were served. After supper games were played, and a good time was had until nearly midnight. A large number of the deaf were present.

The Christmas entertainment takes place Thursday evening December 29th, at the Parish House. A fine time is assured all who come. Santa Claus will distribute gifts to the children; candy and oranges to all. The committee consists of Charles Critchly, Chairman; Mrs Gibbs, Miss Lauer, and Mrs. Critchly. All are welcome.

We deeply sympathize with Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn P. Wood, who recently lost their beloved daughter, Mrs. Grace Kingsley, by death. Mrs Kingsley took a loving interest in the deaf, and was much beloved by all of them.

Rev. F. Smielau held his monthly service at St Luke's Chapel, last evening, an attendance of about forty being present. He left after the service for Buffalo, where he is to be present at the meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary, of Buffalo, today.

Miss Daisy McChesney will spend Christmas at her home in Wyoming N Y

The Gallaudet Literary Society meets Thursday evening, January 5th, at the Parish House. An election of officers takes place.

Miss Anna McPhail spent two pleasant days in Rochester last month, the guest of Miss Pugh On the evening of the 22d, Miss Pugh gave a small party in her honor.

Dec. 19, 1904. D.

WEDDING BELLS.

A quiet but very pretty wedding occurred last Saturday evening, December 17th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs J. Seebald, when Mr. Anton Suk joined their daughter, Bertha, at Hymen's altar and they were made one

The parlor was tastefully decorated with white roses and carnations, together with ferns and other green plants At a little after eight o'clock, the bridal party came into the room, where the Rev. Howard Agnew Johnson, of the Seventy-third Street Presbyterian Church, stood waiting for them.

The ceremony, he went through with the sign language and speaking at the same time.

The bride was given away by her father. She was attended by one bridesmaid in the person of her sister, Miss Barbara Seebald

After the ceremony, the newly wedded couple were given the heartiest kind of congratulations by all present, and after a little while all went to the dining-room, where a wedding supper was served. The happy bride and groom sat at the head of the table all wreathed in smiles, while toast after toast was given to them.

The rest of the evening was spent in merrymaking among the guests, most of all being hearing relatives and friends of the contracting parties.

At midnight they left for their new home, amid great showers of rice and with the best wishes of all that they will have a pleasant voyage on the sea of matrimony upon which they have just launched.

There were many substantial presents, among which were a set, of silver tableware, a dinner set, rocking and Morris chairs, portiers, pictures, vases, sofa pillows and numerous other household articles, which will do good towards furnishing up their nice four-room flat, somewhere in the regions of Harlem.

There were hardly any of the deaf present, the only ones being the bride and groom, the bride's brother and Mr. William Renner, who acted as best-man.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

Religious instructions and services are conducted every Sunday afternoon, in the chapel of St Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th Street, New York, under the direction of the Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's College Hall: Religious services at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of every month, under the direction of Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The Fierce Ordeal of Term Exams.

VISITED BY THE DIRECTORS.

A Very Interesting Lecture.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C. December 18—By the time this comes off the press, we shall be in the midst of the first term examinations. The grinding which has been going on more or less steadily for some time, has now become so fierce that the wheels squeak. The Reading Room is deserted in a scant ten minutes after the arrival of the mail. The more serious-minded ones have retired from society, after posting on their doors a legend to the effect that "no callers are received to-night," and decline to be budged from their pinnacle of virtue by the loud and long-continued hammering of any who resent the manifestation of such exclusiveness towards themselves Well, examinations are a necessary evil—though we are here reminded of Mr. Dooley's shrewd comment on Hinnissy's making this same statement concerning drink: "Well Hinnissy, if 'twas an avil, 'twud den't be nicisshry, an' if it's nicisshry, 'taint an avil." However that may be, and be examinations whatever they are—necessities, evils or blessings in effective disguise—they are at least an inevitable part of things as they are, and must be accepted philosophically. So tell us not in mournful numbers life is but an empty dream. Besides, there is Christmas and holidays—and turkey! This is no time to be pessimistic. Cheer up, the worst is yet to come, and it will all come out in the wash.

Our anticipations in last week's letter were realized. The snow, which fell all day last Saturday, held over Sunday and afforded pretty fair coasting on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. On Friday most of the students went skating on the Basin. They reported the ice as being well enough, in spite of some snow on it. On Saturday it again snowed all day, promising some good sport for this week The Green was very beautiful this morning in the pure whiteness of the new-fallen snow, with the trees clad in a dazzling mail of ice and frost, at which it fairly pained one's eyes to look.

On Wednesday the college was visited by the Board of Directors At ten o'clock President Gallaudet ushered the distinguished visitors into the chapel to meet the assembled Faculty and students of the college, and the teachers and pupils of the Kendall School. After they were seated, E H. Garrett, '05 came forward, and in behalf of the students, spoke a few words of welcome and extended to the Board the sincere thanks of the student body for their warm interest and the untiring efforts they had made in behalf of the college. When Mr. Garrett had taken his seat, Dr. Fay rose and spoke a few words for the Faculty, addressing himself chiefly to General Cockrell, who is now serving his last term on the Board and is shortly to retire. Dr Fay spoke with grateful appreciation of the retiring Senator's long connection with the Board, his hearty interest in the welfare of the institution and the many services he had rendered in its behalf. After General Cockrell had responded briefly but feelingly, all rose and the Board went out. The Directors present were Senator Cockrell, Hon. John W Foster, Mr. Justice Brewer, Hon. John D. Wright, Lewis J. Davis, Esq., and Charles S. Bradley, Esq, Secretary.

Miss Helen Garrity, '06, to the deep regret of her classmates and friends, has left college on account of ill health, and gone to her home in La Crosse, Wis. It is possible that she may return and rejoin her class next fall.

On Friday night Professor Hall made a very interesting address to the students on "Deaf-Mute Education in America." He began his lecture with a short historical sketch of the founding of the first permanent school in Hartford, touching lightly on the philanthropic but ill-equipped attempt of Stanford and the miserable story of Braidwood's school. Then he told of the phenomenal growth in the number of schools since that time, and of the founding of this college; the establishing of the Normal Department here; the war of methods; the addition of technical courses to the list of studies here, with a brief definition of the position of the college with regard to technical education. Finally, after a short summary of the results of deaf-mute education here in America, he concluded with a few earnest words as to the future, reminding his hearers that future progress and broadening of the work would depend much on themselves. Great interest and appreciation was manifested by the audience, during the lecture and afterwards.

While not yet completely settled it appears very probable that on Saturday, December 24th, our basket-ball team will meet the noted "Silent Five" in the gymnasium.

Furthermore a game has been arranged for January 2d, with the Central Branch of the Baltimore Y. M. C. A. In both of these contests the team will probably be made up as follows:

Forwards—Cooper,'08, and O'Donnell,'08.

Center—McCandless '05, and Joyce, '08, or Hinch, I C

Coming events cast their shadows before, and a pretty substantial shadow in the shape of a big box of goodies for Miss Fish, '05, hit the Green yesterday. Several spreads have already been held off the contents.

The Jollity Club met on Friday evening and resolved to celebrate Christmas Eve, in some fitting manner. A committee has been appointed to watch the mail and to promptly confiscate all packages which have the least look of Christmas about them to be carefully hidden away till Saturday night.

E. ROWSE, '06.

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet and Laurent Clerc were born on the 10th and 26th of December respectively The latter also gave a son to the Episcopal Priesthood. He—the Rev. Francis J. Clerc D. D.,—is still actively engaged in Parochial work at Philipsburg, Centre Co, Pennsylvania.

VIRGINIA.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Dec. 19.—The week before Christmas is here again, sleighbells are jingling, and some have begun to blow horns and get out their old cannon. Apart from the snow-covered ground, many of us say times have changed and people change with time, and the old-time Christmas—the greater of all festivals in the south is sorter past and gone—at least, not as it were in our early days. Many of the old customs still prevail with us, however, we hope they always will. The story of the wise men and the shepherds is the old, old story still, so must Christmas ever be a season of peace on earth, good will to men.

In the death of Dr. Beckerton L Winston, which occurred at his old home in Hanover County, a week ago, after a protracted illness, the deaf of the Old Dominion have lost a friend indeed, and one whose place will not be soon or easily filled. Prominent in his profession, an active and successful planter after the old school, high in the councils of his church, an ideal friend and citizen, as well as a clean politician and practical legislator, in whom every one had confidence and esteem. Dr Winston, at the age of forty-eight, finished an active life, and is mourned throughout the State in death. As a member of the Board of the Staunton School for some years, Dr. Winston served with ability, and his services were always along lines practical, helpful and far reaching into the good all the while. He was unselfish, conscientious, untiring and devoted to the deaf—largely because of having a deaf boy, perhaps. To him much credit is due for the splendid condition of the school to-day, for he never lost any interest in it or in the class, no matter how meanly he was treated during the "Investigation" troubles there. He is survived by several children, among them B L Winston, Jr., for several years at the College at Kendall Green.

Mr. Charles Painter, of Cedarville, and Miss Eliza O'Callaghan, of Washington, will be quietly married on Wednesday afternoon They will make their home on Warren County.

Letcher O Simmons, who for a couple of years has been in a weekly newspaper office in West Virginia, and Miss Hannah Lovenstein, a graduate of the Romney School, will be married about the middle of next month.

Miss Josie Fletcher and Frederick Williams, of Accomac County, were recently married, and have gone to housekeeping at Tasley, not far from their old homes.

Miss Nellie Lake, of Front Royal, recently gave a delightful birthday party to a number of mute friends of her neighborhood.

Oscar E Holmes, the star graduate of the Staunton School last year, and now a Duck at Kendall Green, contemplates spending larger portion of his Christmas vacation in Front Royal.

The wife and daughter of Superintendent Rucker, of the West Virginia School, were in Washington last week, to meet a little deaf and colored boy from lower West Virginia and enter him at Prof. Bledsoe's School in Baltimore.

Mrs. Rucker is surely one whose bearing commends her to the work of one in her position. She is a lovely gentle woman She cared for that poor afflicted little waif as if he were one of her own children Little Miss Anna Parks, everybody must fall in love with, too. She uses signs as if her mamma and papa were deaf-mutes. They returned to Romney on Saturday.

BELL.

OHIO.

Banquet in Honor of Gallaudet.

TOASTS AND RESPONSES.

Brevities.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus. O.

The memory of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was honored on the occasion of his natal day, December 10th, by the Columbus deaf, under the auspices of the Columbus Advance Society, and the Gallaudet Alumni Association, Branch of Columbus. The affair was in the shape of a banquet, given in the evening, at the Park Hotel. The hour for assembling was eight, and and at that time the guests entered the dining room. The arrangement of the tables was in the shape of a T decorated with ferns, and with a pink carnation at each plate. Forty-two people sat down and did ample justice to the excellent menu furnished by Mine Host Nichols, who saw that nothing was lacking to the comfort and interest of the silent guests.

Here is the menu:

Raw Oysters
Celery Olives Pickles
Consomme
Lake Trout
Sweetbread Patties Green Peas
Hot Filet of Beef
Potatoes
Cold Ham Cold Turkey Cold Tongue
Salad
Chicken and Potatoes
Ice Cream Cake Coffee

Following its disposition, Mr. C W. Charles, as toastmaster, took charge of the speaking program, and introduced as the guest of honor Mr. J. W. Jones, Superintendent of the Institution. He responded to the toast: "The Day We Celebrate," taking for his theme, "To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die." He spoke in the sign language, and in such a manner that all could understand him. His speech, or rather his eulogy, was eloquent, and he paid the "Father of Deaf-Mute Instruction in America" a most fitting tribute, comparing his work in greatness to those of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and McKinley. He received most hearty applause as he closed.

The other toasts and responses thereto were as follows:

Robert P McGregor responded to the toast, "The Deaf of Ohio," and Dr. Robert Patterson to the "Ohio Institution"; Miss Cloa G Lamson to the "Ohio Branch of the Gallaudet Alumni Association"; August J. Beckert, to the toast, "Columbus Advance Society" "The Ladies" was the toast given by John C. Winemiller, in responding to which he brought forth smiles of pleasure from the subjects of the toast.

The remarks of the other speakers were all interesting, and excited enthusiasm to a high pitch. Miss Lamson did herself proud on the subject assigned to her, and gave evidence that she was no novice as an after-dinner speaker. Mr. J. C. Winemiller made his maiden speech and brought smiles to every face, as well as to his own, as he hit off sallies at the ladies or commended them for their benign influence over men.

The following attended, several of the prominent deaf of the city being absent on account of illness: Superintendent Jones, Dr. and Mrs Robert Patterson, Mr McGregor, Mr. and Mrs A. B. Greener, Mr and Mrs. Wm B. Zorn, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ohlemacher, Mr. and Mrs Wm. Mayer, Mr and Mrs. F. Schwartz, Mr. and Mrs. C M Rice, Mr. C W. Charles, Mrs. P. P. Pratt, Misses Cloa Lamson, May Greener, Ethel Zell, Bessie McGregor, Bessie McFadden, Bessie Edgar, Edith Biggam, Raunch, Snyder, Adair, Stocker, and Messrs Winemiller, E. Zell, Beckert, Bogard, W. H Grigsby, Basil Grigsby, F. Koehn, James Callaway, Wm. Rose, Walter Reynolds, James Connolly, and Elasco Burcham.

The Committee of Arrangements was composed of Messrs. Schwartz, Mayer and Winemiller, and did its work well, for every thing passed off in apple pie order.

At the close of the regular toasts, Mr. Wm. Mayer, of the Advance Society, came forward and announced that the Columbus Advance Society, which had for the past three years been instrumental in observing Gallaudet Day, would relinquish the task hereafter and transfer it to the the Ohio Branch of the Gallaudet Alumni Association. He gave assurance that his society would lend its active cooperation to the G. A. A. branch in honoring the memory of Gallaudet on all occasions while the organization of which he was a member existed. Mr. Zorn responded, thanking the Advance Society for its generous giving away, and hoped the two organizations would always work harmoniously together.

Through an oversight the name of Miss Edith Biggam was omitted from our account of the Columbus Ladies' Aid Fair. She was chairman of the Committee, and it was to her efforts that the affair came out so successfully.

Miss Anna Stocker, of the State Bindery, left yesterday for Sterling, O., her home, to spend the holidays with her parents, whom she has not seen for a couple of years.

Mrs. Samuel Corbett came over from Bellaire, Sunday, to attend the funeral of her father the day following. She returned home on Wedgesday.

Mr. Wm. Zorn was up at the Home, Sunday, and conducted services for the people there. He reports all well.

The basket ball team went up to Delaware Friday evening and came home minus a victory, though it played a neat and fast game

Even the girls have a team, with Mr. Ohlemacher as coach. It practices twice a week and the fair ones hope to make a show with some of the outside teams.

The Literary Society of the pupils commemorated the birthday of Thomas H. Gallaudet with appropriate exercises Saturday evening, with the following program:

Thomas H. Gallaudet's Boyhood Days.. .....Lillie Raub
His Literary Works.....Roy Conkling
His Interest in the Deaf.....Rose Long
His Trip to Europe and His Return to America.....Wm. Toomey
An Address.....Grace Albert
"Gallaudet Monument," a poem.....Susie Boettner

The Seventh Annual Report of the Board of Managers of the Ohio Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, has just come from the press. The work was done by pupils of the Institution under the supervision of Mr. Mr. C. W. Charles, and is very neatly gotten out.

According to statistics furnished to the State Board of Charities from the Ohio Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, there were 514 pupils in attendance at the close of last year; 63 were received and 48 discharged, so that 529 remained at the close of the year; 284 were boys and 245 girls. Franklin County, in which the city of Columbus is situated, has 44 pupils enrolled, the largest number of any county in the State. This may be explained by the fact that many parents having deaf children at school move to the city, so as to be near them. We doubt the wisdom of such a course.

The tide of happy Yuletide is on. By the time the many readers of the JOURNAL are poring over their favorite paper, it will be the day of all days—Christmas. To all its readers the writer extends to them the compliments of the season, and may their cup of joy be full to overflowing.

Dec. 17, '04. A. B. G.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

On the evening of December 14th, a number of friends of Henry C Rider, of Syracuse, gathered to honor the occasion of his seventy-second birthday. The majority of those present were old friends and schoolmates, and the evening was most pleasantly spent in conversation, in the course of which many interesting reminiscences of bygone years were called up. Refreshments were served under the direction of Mrs Lewis Rider.

During Mr. Rider's long and active life he has witnessed many changes and advances in the intellectual and material condition of the deaf, and in all these activities he himself has borne a conspicuous part. He is a former president of of the Empire State Association, the founder and first publisher of the DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL, and the organizer and first principal of the school for the deaf at Malone. He is as vigorous mentally as he was twenty years ago, and bears his years with little apparent effort.

At the gathering the following testimonial, suitably engrossed, was signed by the guests present and presented to Mr Rider as a memento of the occasion:

SYRACUSE, Dec. 14, 1904.—We, the friends of Henry C Rider, gathered to honor the occasion of his seventy-second birthday, desiring to testify our appreciation of his many excellent qualities of mind and heart, have hereunto subscribed our names, heartily congratulating him upon the attainment of this ripe and vigorous old age, and with the affectionate hope that he may long be spared to his friends.

Among those present were Mrs. Grace J. Chandler, Mr. H. A. Rumrill, Mr and Mrs. E. E. Miles, the Rev. H Van Allen, Mr. C D Connor, Mr. J E. Doran, Mr. and Mrs. E T Murphy, Mr. Thomas Bremner, and Mrs. Fred Foster.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 125 Edward Street, Buffalo, N. Y., during the year, 1904–'05, on the following Sundays:

OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.
9	6	4	1	12
23	20	18	15	26
			29	

MAR.	APR.	MAY	JUNE
12	9	7	4
26	23	21	18

You are asked to *show* your Catholic faith by attending the Services regularly.

Sincerely yours,
REV. P. S. GILMORE.

FANWOOD.

The Christmas Entertainment a Success.

UNIQUE WAX FIGURES.

Other Items of Interest.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Interesting and entertaining indeed was the Christmas Entertainment given in the chapel on Friday evening, December 16th, under the auspices of the Fanwood Literary Association, and from start to finish everything went as smoothly as could be desired. And then, too, the attendant success was as marked as it had been in the fondest dreams of those who had the affair in charge. It was to this

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

Myra L. Barrager.
Prudence E. Burchard.
Eva E. Buckingham.

that all those connected with the Institution are indebted for the enjoyable evening afforded them.

Promptly at 7:30 P.M., Madame Jarley, in the person of Miss Myra L. Barrager, who dressed in a pretty costume, with lace cap, and whose curls would be the envy of all maiden young ladies of fifty summers or more, announced her valuable collection of wax figures. She didn't jar the audience, however, for she had a good command of the sign language, and hence it was plain sailing in following the characteristics of the figures exhibited. For two solid hours, without a hitch, the following program was gone through with:

MADAME JARLEY will present her valuable and unique collection of wax figures, brought from all parts of the world.

Madame Jarley.....Miss Myra L. Barrager

ASSISTANTS.

John Windupperton....Prof. E. P. Clarke
Peter Oilwell.....Prof E. S. Burdick
Honora Dustern.....Miss Winnie Clark

GROUP I.

MOTHER GOOSE AND FAMILY.

Mother Goose.....Miss Berry
Jack and Jill..Miss Gemer and H. Blechner
Little Miss Muffet.....Miss Kranzer
Mary and her Lamb.....Miss Doenges
Little Boy Blue.....Max Lubin
Little Bo-Peep.....Miss A. Muller
Three Wise Men of Gotham.....
..Messrs. Schnapp, C. Golden and Blum
Little Jack Horner.....Master Quinn
Jack Sprat and Wife.....
.....Paul Dittmar and Miss Green

GROUP II.

An Entirely New Work, Exhibited for the First Time in America.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

Mother Hubbard.....Miss Townsend
The Poor Dog....."Sport"

GROUP III.

CLASSIC AND HISTORICAL GROUP.

Babes in the Woods.....
..J. Schwartz and "Miss" Samuel Cohen
Blue Beard and Wife.....
..Prof. Isaac B. Gardner and Miss Bonoff

The Rescue of John Smith,

John Smith.....Samuel McAllister
Pocahontas.....Mis Smith
Indian Executioner.....M. Kisberg

Ophelia.....Miss F. Hillman
Lady Mac'eth.....Miss Thurber
Maud Muller.....Miss Bredemeyer
General Washington.....Albert Dempsey
Lady Washington.....Miss Hanmer
John Aiden and Prescilla.....
.....Vernon Birck and Miss Czerney

GROUP IV.

A Rare Group, Especially Ordered for this Exhibition.

OLD WOMAN IN A SHOE.

Old Woman.....Miss P. E. Burchard
Children—Misses Claus, Lefi, Spohrer and Messrs. Drake. Trinks, Bergman and Clerc.

GROUP V.

MISCELLANEOUS,
Including All the Latest Novelties.

Red Riding Hood.....Miss Tanzas
Two Headed Girl.....
.....Misses Zablow and Wood
The Sleeping Beauty and Prince.....
.....Miss Robie and Mr Halves
The Singer.....Miss L. Stryker
Baseball Player.....Carl Lautenberger
Gymnasium Girl....."Miss" Jacob Lovitch
Mrs. Winslow.....Mrs. Wilcox
Foxy Graadpa and the Boys.....
....Dr. Thomas F. Fox and his two sons
Buster Brown.....Julia Heine

GROUP VI.

MOVING TABLEAUX.

Christmas Tree Scene,

Santa Claus.....Prof. W. G. Jones

Mrs. Jarley's Assistants were kept busy—very busy. Honora Dustern was a faithful and industrious duster, who had evidently been connected with the "show" on the road so long as to know her business, and Peter Oilwell and John Windupperton had all they could do to oil and wind up the figures. Every one in the cast should get individual mention for excellence should we go into detail, but suffice it to say all did excellently well in their various poses. Perhaps if special mention were made of the "Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe" and her children, of "Mrs. Winslow" and "Foxy Grandpa and the Boys," it would not discredit the merit of the other parts, because these three fairly "brought down the house" with applause, and in response to encores they had to do double duty.

At the conclusion of the exhibit, Principal Currier mounted the platform and spoke a few words of congratulation to those who had labored so hard to make the entertainment a success, and hoped that with the beginning of the New Year, to see continued interest and enthusiasm in all that pertained to the welfare of those connected with the Fanwood Literary Association.

A handsome banner was then brought out on the platform with the lettering: "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

The officers of the Fanwood Literary Association are as follows:

Counsellor.....Enoch Henry Currier
President.....Thomas F. Fox
First Vice-President.....V. S. Birck
Second Vice-President,.....S. Cohen
Secretary.....Mary Tanzas
Treasurer.....Prudence E. Burchard

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Myra L. Barrager, William G. Jones,
Eva E. Buckingham, Isaac B. Gardner,
Edward P. Clarke. Edward S. Burdick

R. E. M.

The approaching Christmas holiday has gladdened the hearts of the pupils, and they are eagerly anticipating those gifts of love and affection. Before the JOURNAL reaches its readers, the pupils will be spending the Christmas holiday, beginning Friday, December 23d, to Monday January 4th, 1905.

Sleighing is the predominant outdoor sport during the winter here. Much rivalry is shown by the pupils in the rate of speed in coasting, and many a fellow is hurled headlong into the air on a soft bank of snow in his efforts to increased the speed of the moving sled. It is a very laughable sight to watch the sleds upset, dumping out their occupants.

Cadets Louis Kutner and Max Lubin were given a rare vaudeville treat at the Yorkville Theatre on Saturday last.

Mr. Charles Dillman has been appointed as tutor in place of Mr. Orrell.

S. C.

"The Wizard of Oz" at the Academy of Music.

The last fortnight of "The Wizard of Oz" at the Academy of Music, New York, promises to partake of the nature of a veritable series of ovations to the favorites in this big organization. The theatre is packed to the doors at each performance, and as each of the principals come before the audience a storm of applause is his reward. When the Scarecrow is carried upon the stage by the two Munchkin yokels and placed upon the stile the applause is almost deafening, and when Little Dorothy, with her magic wishing ring, endows the "man of straw" with life and he speaks his first lines, there is another vociferous outburst of enthusiasm from all parts of the house. The Tin Woodman likewise receives a demonstrative reception, and the applause throughout the entire evening is so genuine and sincere that no doubt can possibly exist as to the great popular hit achieved by "The Wizard of Oz."

Messers Montgomery and Stone and the lesser luminaries, Arthur Hill and Joseph Schrode, who appear respectively as the Roaring Lion and the Frisky Cow, have in their artistic grotesque characterizations disproved the fallacy that burlesque of the artistic sort is a lost art on modern stage. The management of "The Wizard of Oz" may pride itself upon such an able galaxy of clever and agile comedians.

Anna Laughlin, Lotta Faust, Allene Crater, Albertina Benson, Ella Gilroy, Marie Clayton and Leona Stephens, together with the brilliant bevy of bewitching "show girls," join in an *ensemble* that has had no recent rival in musical extravaganza. Old-timers love to hark back to the palmy days of burlesque, but the present generation of playgoers who enjoy "The Wizard of Oz," may take for granted that the stage of to-day is equally fertile in talent and beauty of the highest order.

There will be an extra matinee of "The Wizard of Oz" on the afternoon of Christmas Day, and it may not be amiss to again reiterate that the curtain rises on the famous Kansas cyclone.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

DECEMBER, 1904.

Christmas Day:
25—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston. Holy Communion.
4:00 P.M., New England Home, Allston.

Service every Friday at the New England Home, Allston, at 7:45 P.M.

S. STANLEY SEARING.
Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,
564 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

An Open Letter.

Dear Sir or Madam:—For years past I have devoted my life to electrical inventions for the aid of deaf people. Being so afflicted myself, I can realize to the fullest extent the great disadvantage under which those so afflicted labor. Lack of funds, however, has prevented me from manufacturing my inventions. These inventions have all been exhibited before many people interested. I take pleasure in quoting from a letter of endorsement addressed to me by Prof. A. G. Bell of telephone fame:

"It affords me pleasure to know that you are following inventions for the benefit of the deaf, and to the best of my knowledge you are the first deaf person to pursue such a course. You are indeed to be commended, and I trust your efforts will avail most gratifying results both for yourself and the deaf."

Also, I add hereto the names of a few persons who have interested themselves in my inventions, and have allowed me the privilege of using their names: Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, President of Gallaudet College for the Deaf, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Job Williams, Principal of the American School for the Deaf, Hartford, Conn., and others.

If you are interested and disposed to ease the burdens of all persons so afflicted, you may do so by purchasing of me the enclosed described articles, which I offer for sale, as advertised in the JOURNAL, thereby enabling me to continue in the perfection of my inventions, and will greatly aid me in obtaining the best results, which will be of wonderful advantage in all institutions for the deaf. I will appreciate a prompt reply and remain,

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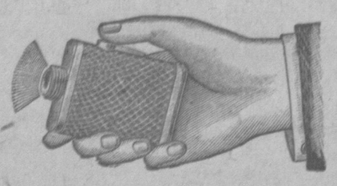

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The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about $30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

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